

THE
OECONOMY
OF
LOVE.

A POETICAL ESSAY.

BY
JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.



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THIS juvenile Performance, chiefly intended as a Parody upon some of the didactic Poets; and, that it might be still the more ludicrous, the Author in some Places affected the stately Language of MILTON.

Though not published with the Author's name, was purchased by MILLER, in the Strand, who gave *Fifty Guineas* for the Copyright. Dr. ARMSTRONG was born in Roxburghshire, (his father was Minister of Castleton,) in 1732, he took his Degree of Physic, in Edinburgh. He wrote several Pieces relative to the practice of Physic, which much offended a certain Society; also Tracts and Poems, not published.

The following he revised and published, not from a desire of fame, but for the sake of preventing their being exposed with more faults, than they originally had.

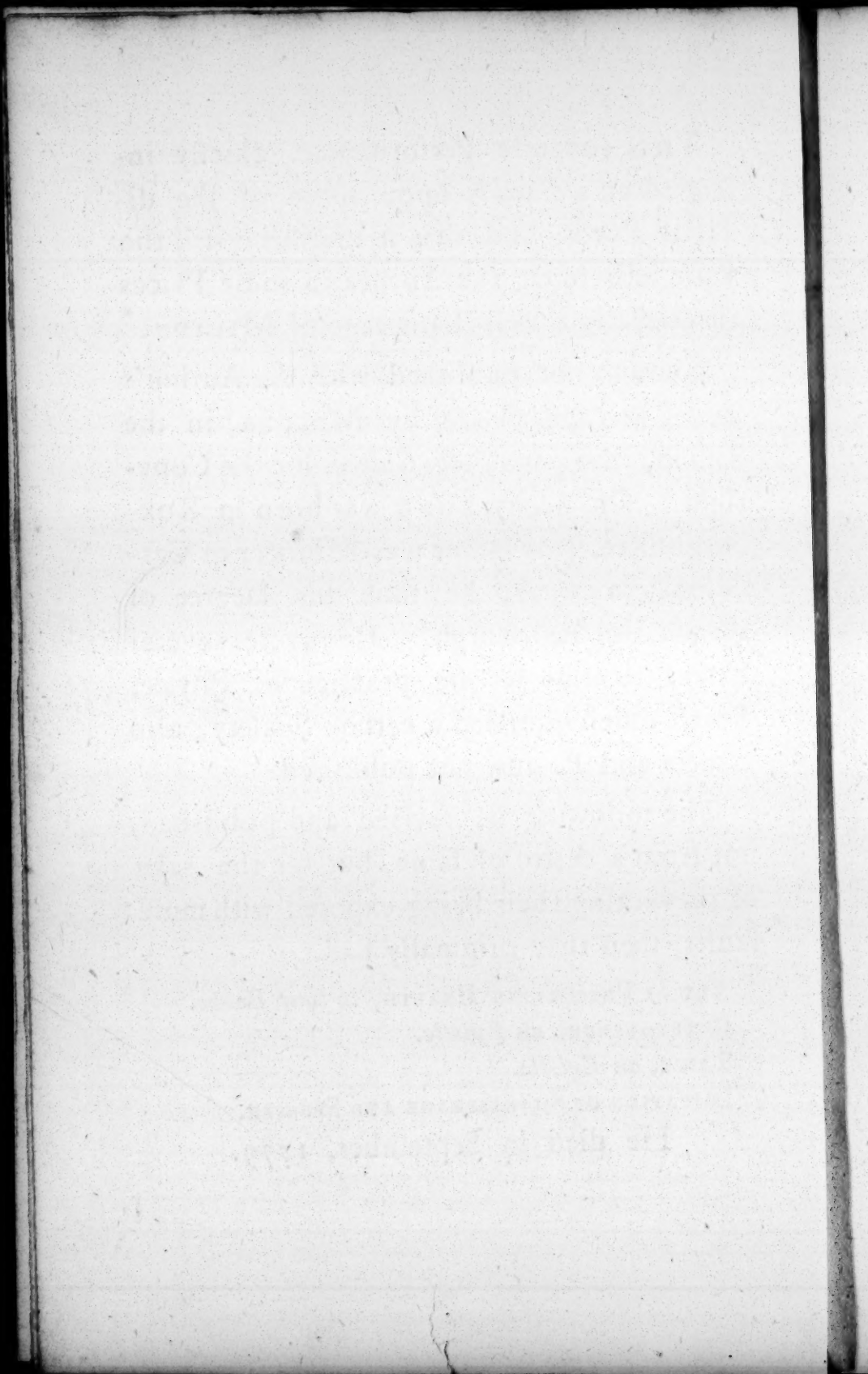
ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH, *in four Books.*

BENEVOLENCE, *an Epistle.*

TASTE, *an Epistle.*

IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE AND SPENSER.

He died in September, 1779.



THE
OECONOMY OF LOVE.

THY Bounties, LOVE; in thy soft Raptures when
Timeliest the melting Pairs indulge, and how
Best to improve the genial Joy; how shun
The Snakes that under flow'ry Pleasure lurk;
I sing: If thou, fair *Cytherea*, deign 5
Gracious to smile on my Attempt. Tho' Thou
None of the Muses Nine; yet oft on Thee
The Muses wait, oft gambol in thy Train,
Tho' Virgins. Come, nor leave thy *Boy* behind,
Blind but unerring Archer. *Hymen*, raise 10
Aloft thy sacred Torch: Your Gifts I sing.

YE Youths and Virgins, when your generous Blood
Has drank the Heat of Fifteen Summers, now
The Loves invite; now to new Rapture wakes
The finish'd Sense: While, stung with keen Desire,
The

The madd'ning Boy his bashful Fetters bursts; 16
 And, charm'd with secret Flames, the riper Maid,
 Conscious and shy, betrays her smarting Breast.

YET Nature not in all her Sons maintains
 An equal Progress. This with kindly Warmth 20
 Shoots up to manly Vigour strait; while That
 Pines crude and chill, and scarce at last attains
 Imperfect Life. Some slight their varnish'd Steed;
 And (wond'rous Instinct!) bent on manlier Sport
 Cope with the Maids. *Alcides* thus, they say, 25
 Rose brawny from his Cradle, while the Snakes
 Hung hissing round him, horrible and fell;
 Sent, by enrag'd *Saturnia*, to destroy
 Her Rival's Hope: The mighty Infant grasp'd
 His speckled Foes, and, smiling, dash'd them down
 To Hell, their native Clime; the spumy Gore 31
 Blotted the frighted Pavement. Early thus
 Was future Chivalry presag'd.—Meantime,
 Others slow ripen: Men there are, who scarce
 Feel the soft Thrillings of untaught Desire; 35
 While pallid Maids scarce ruminate on Man,

'Till

'Till Twenty: well if then. It boots thee much
To study the Complexion, much the Clime
And Habitudes of Life. Meanwhile, with me,
Credit these Signs. The Boy may triumph, when 40
Night-working Fancy steals him to the Arms
Of Nymph oft wish'd awake. Nor envy Thou
Waking Fruition, while such happy Dreams
Visit thy Slumbers; liveliest then the Touch
Thrills to the Brain, with all Sensations else 45
Unshaken, uneduc'd.—The Maid demands
The Dues of *Venus*, when the parting Breasts
Wanton exuberant and tempt the Touch;
Plump'd with rich Moisture from the finish Growth
Redundant now: for late the shooting Tubes 50
Drank all the Blood the toiling Heart could pour,
Insatiate; now, full grown, they crave no more
Than what repays their daily Waste. The Down
Then too begins to skirt the hallow'd Bounds
Of *Venus*' blest Domain. In either Sex, 55
This Sign obtains. For Nature provident,
Now, when both Sides stand equal for the Fray,
This graceful Armour spreads; and, but for this,

Excoriate

Excoriate oft the tender Parts would rue
 The close Encounter ; now they fight secure, 60
 Thus harness'd, and sustain the mutual Shock
 Of War, unhurt, for many a well-fought Day.

BUT if to Progeny thy Views extend
 Paternal, and the Name of Sire invites ;
 Wouldst thou behold a thriving Race surround 65
 Thy spacious Table : shun the soft Embrace
 Emasculant, till Twice Ten Years and more
 Have steel'd thy Nerves ; and let the holy Rite
 License the Bliss. Nor would I urge, precise,
 A total Abstinence ; this might unman 70
 The genial Organs, unemployed so long,
 And quite extinguish the prolific Flame,
 Refrigerant. But riot oft, unblam'd,
 On Kisses, sweet Repast ! ambrosial Joy !
 Now press with gentle Hand the gentle Hand, 75
 And, sighing, now the Breasts, that to the Touch
 Heave amorous. Nor thou, fair Maid, refuse
 Indulgence, while thy tender Paramour
 Aspires no farther : Thus thou may'st expect

Treasure

Treasure hereafter ; when the Bridegroom, warm,
Trembling with keen Desire, profusely pours 81
The rich Collection of enamour'd Years,
Exhaustless, blessing all thy nuptial Nights.

BUT, oh! my Son, whether the generous Care
Of Propagation, and domestic Charge, 85
Or soft Encounter more attract ; renounce
The Vice of Monks recluse, the early Bane
Of rising Manhood. Banish from thy Shades
Th' ungenerous, selfish, solitary Joy.
Hold, *Saticide*, thy Hand! For thee alone 90
Did Nature form thee? for thy narrow Self
Grant thee the Means of Pleasure? Dream'st thou so?
That very Self mistakes its wiser Aim ;
Its finer Sense, ungratified, unpleas'd,
But when from active Soul to Soul rebounds 95
The swelling mingling Tumult of Delight.
Hold yet again! ere idle Callus wrap
In sullen Indolence th' astonish'd Nerves ;
When thou may'st fret and teize thy Sense in vain,
And curse too late th' unwisely wanton Hours! 100

Impious, forbear! thus the first general Hail
 To disappoint, *Increase and multiply!*
 To shed thy Blossoms thro' the desert Air,
 And sow thy perish'd Off-spring in the Winds. 104
 Unhallow'd Pastime!—Tho' the factious Chief
 Oft brew hot Insurrection, rather hie
 To Bagnio lewd or Tavern; nightly where
 Venereal Rites are done, from *Draco's* Ken
 Remote, and Light of Heaven (as erst retir'd
 The heaving *Gallic* Saints to the kind Gloom 110
 Of Clift, or Cave, or trusted Barn, to hold
 Forbidden Sabbaths :) rather visit thou
 Those Haunts of public Lewdness; oft tho' there
 Sore Ills dismay. Purse, or the Golden Pride
 That decks thy Finger, gorgeous with the Spoils 115
 Of *Mexico, Peru*, and farthest *Ind*,
 Or Watch Time-measuring, oft subtracted sly,
 Sink in the dark Profound. And oft, to crush
 Thy slacken'd Manhood, in the mid Career
 Of puissant Deeds, untimely rushes in 120
 A forward bois'rous Wight, and from thy Arms
 The passive Spouse of all the Town demands.

Him,

Him, hung'ring after Gold, nor Words can charm,
 Nor more persuasive Wine : thy Gold must pay
 The Violation of the *public* Bed ; 125
 Or braver Steel must prove thy manly Arm,
 In dubious Fight.—Yet well, if here could end
 The Mis'ry : Worse, perhaps, ensues ; a Train
 Of Ills, of tedious Count and horrid Name.
 Such as of old distress'd the Man else squar'd 130
 To God's own Heart, but that his Wiles debauch'd
Jerusalem's fair Daughters to his Flames ;
 Nor did he from the holy Marriage-bed
 Refrain his loose Embraces, when the Wife
 Of wrong'd *Urias* he seduc'd ; nor stopt 135
 'Till *Murder* crown'd his Love. Hence him the Wrath
 Of righteous Heaven, awaking, long pursu'd
 With sore Disease, and fill'd his Loins with Pain.
 All Day he roar'd, and all the tedious Night 139
 Bedew'd his Couch with Tears ; and still his Groans
 Breathe musical in sacred Song. What Woes !
 What Pains he tried !—But now this Plague attacks
 With double Rancour, and severely marks
 Modern Offenders : Slily undermines

The Fame and Nose, that by unseemly Lapse 145
 Aukward deforms the human Face divine
 With ghastly Ruins. Tho' this Breach, they say,
 Nice *Taliacotius'* Art, with Substitute
 From Porters borrow'd or the callous Breech
 Of sedentary Weaver, oft repair'd: 150
 Precarious, for no sooner Fate demands
 The Parent Stock, than (pious Sympathy!)
 Revolts th' adopted Nosc.—Such Ills attend
 Obscene and bought Embraces. Wiser thou,

FIND some kind Nymph, whom secret Sympathy
 Attracts to thee; while all her Captives else, 156
 Aw'd by majestic Beauty, mourn aloof
 Her Charms, to them reserved, alone to thee
 Discreetly lavish'd. Sacrifice to her
 The precious Hours; nor grudge with such a Mate
 The Summer's Day to toy or Winter's Night. 161
 Now clasp with dying Fondness in your Arms
 Her yielding Waist: now on her swelling Breast
 Recline your Cheek; with eager kisses press
 Her balmy Lips; and, drinking from her Eyes
 Resistless

THE OECONOMY OF LOVE.

9

Resistless Love, the tender Flame confess, 166
 Ineffable but by the murmuring Voice
 Of genuine Joy ; then hug and kiss again,
 Stretch'd on the genial Couch, while joyful glows
 Thy manly Pride, and, throbbing with Desire, 170
 Pants furious, felt thro' all the obstacles
 That intervene : but Love, whose fervid Course
 Mountains nor Seas restrain, can soon remove
 Barriers so slight. Then, when her lovely Limbs,
 Oft loveily deem'd, far lovelier now beheld, 175
 Thro' all your trembling Joints increase the Flame ;
 Forthwith discover to her dazzled Sight
 The stately Novelty, and to her Hand
 Usher the new Acquaintance. She, perhaps,
 Averse, will coldly chide, and, half afraid, 180
 Blushing, half-pleas'd, the tumid Wonder view
 With Neck retorted and oblique Regard ;
 Nor quite her curious Eye indulging, nor
 Refraining quite. Perhaps, when you attempt
 The sweet Admission, toyful she resits 185
 With shy Reluctance ; nathless you pursue
 The soft Attack, and warmly push the War,

TH

10 THE OECONOMY OF LOVE.

Till, quite o'erpower'd with Love, the melting Maid
Faintly opposes.—On the Brink at last
Arriv'd of giddy Rapture, plunge not in 190
Precipitant, but spare a Virgin's Pain;
Ah! spare a gentle Virgin! spare yourself!
Lest sanguine War Love's tender Rites profane
With fierce Dilaceration and dire Pangs.

STILL hear me, *Lovers*; all whose roving Hearts
No sacred nuptial Chains have yet confin'd: 196
Attentive hear; and daily, nightly, weigh
The Counsels sage, which, thro' my raptur'd Breast,
To you th' auspicious heavenly *Muse* conveys:
The *Muse* no soothing Minister of Vice; 200
Tho' now in sportive Vein to youthful Ears
She tunes her Song, to give Instruction Grace.
Attend, ye Wise!—No frantic *Bacchanal*,
No shameless Bard of the licentious Rout
Of flush'd *Silenus*, sings.—What *Nature bids* 205
Is good, is wise; and faultless we obey.
We must obey; howe'er hard *Stoick* Dreams
Of *Apathy*, much vaunted, seldom prov'd.

For

For oft beneath the philosophic Gloom
Sly *Lewdness* lurks, and oftener mazy *Guile*, 210
That with well-mimick'd Love th' unwary Heart
Lures to its Fate, and hails while it betrays.
There bloated *Pride* too dwells, and baneful *Hate*,
And dark *Revenge*; than which a deadlier Fiend
Ne'er poison'd mortal Breast, nor urg'd the Soul 215
To ruthless Purpose and inhuman Deeds.
Far hence be These! We know great *Nature's* Pow'r,
Mother of Things, whose vast unbounded Sway,
From the deep Center, all around extends
Beyond the flaming Barriers of the World. 220
We feel her Power: we strive not to repress
(Vainly repress'd, or to Deformity)
Her lawful Growth: Ours be the Task alone
To check her rude Excrescences; to prune
Her wanton Overgrowth; and, where she sports 225
In Shapes too wild, to lead her gently back,
With prudent Hand, to better Form and Use.

For wisest Ends this universal *Power*
Gave *Appetites*: from whose quick Impulse Life

Subsists 7

Subsists; by which we only live; all Life 230
Insidious else, unactive, unenjoy'd!
Hence too this peopled Earth; which, That extinct,
That Flame for *Propagation*, soon would roll
A lifeless Mass, and cumber Heaven in vain,
Then love of Pleasure sways each Heart, and we
From that no more than from ourselves can fly: 236
Blameless when govern'd well. But, where it errs,
Extravagant, and wildly leads to Ill,
Public or private, there its curbing Power
Cool *Reason* must exert.—This Lesson weigh, 240
Ye tender Pairs. Indulge your gentle Flames,
Each fondest Wish, and bathe your Souls in Love.
But let *Discretion* guide unruly *Bliss*,
Virtuous in Pleasure. So you shall enjoy
Pleasure unmix'd, and without Thorn the Rose. 245
This Caution scorn'd, beware th' Event perverse:
Expect, for *Pleasure*, *Pain* and sharp *Remorse*;
For *Love*, *Aversion*; and each broken Vow
The Jest of Fools, the Pity of the Wise!

Be secret, *Lovers*. Let no dangerous Spy 250
Catch your soft Glances, as oblique they deal

Mutual Contagion, darling all the Soul
In missive Love; nor hear your lab'ring Sighs.
But chiefly when the high-wrought Rapture calls,
Impatient, to soft Deeds, then far retire 255
From ev'ry mortal Ken. *The sapient King*
(Whose Loves who could defame?) in the mild Gloom,
Deep in the Center of his Gardens, hid,
Held Dalliance with his fair Ægyptian Spouse.
Find then some soft obscure Retreat, untrod 260
By Mortals else, where thick-embowering Shades
Condense to Darkness and embrown the Day;
There, safe from all prophane Access, pursue
Love's bashful Rites. For of the curious Eye
Of prying Childhood, and the Aspect malign, 265
Waning and wan, of Virgin stale in Years,
Shed baneful Influence on the Rites of Love.
And thou, my Son, when Floods of mellowing Wine
And social Joys have loosen'd all thy Breast;
When every Secret gushes; this at least, 270
This one, reserve, of Love and bounteous Charms
Of trusting Beauty; venturing all for thee,
For thy Delight, her Fortune and her Fame;

For her thou nothing. Hold, ingrateful! hold 274
 Thy wanton Tongue. Leave to the last of Fools,
 Of Villains! that ungenerous Vanity,
 Cruel and base, to vaunt of secret Joys;
 Of Joys on thee, so vaunting, ill bestow'd.
 Oh! dare not thus with mortal Sting to wound
 The tender helpless Sex.—Does thy vile Breath 280
 So blast my Sister's or my Daughter's Fame—
 By Heav'n, thou dy'st: thy treacherous Blood alone
 Can wash my Honour clean.—Prudent meantime,
 Ye generous Maids, revenge your Sex's Wrong;
 Let not the mean Destroyer e'er approach 285
 Your sacred Charms. Now muster all your Pride,
 Contempt, and Scorn, that, shot from Beauty's Eye,
 Confounds the mighty Impudent, and smites
 The Front unknown to Shame. Trust not his Vows,
 His labour'd Sighs, and well-dissembled Tears, 290
 Nor swell the Triumph of known Perjury.

MEANWHILE, my Son, if angry Fate, or Love,
 Grown indiscreet, or loud *Lucina*, tell
 Th' important Secret: Is thy Mate well form'd,
 Virtuous,

Virtuous, and equal for thy lawful Bed ; 295
Save her, I charge thee, from foul Infamy
And lonely Shame : let Wedlock's holy Tie
Legitimate th' indissoluble Flames.
If Birth too base, dishonourable, with Mind
Incultivate and vicious, to that Height 300
Forbid her Hopes to climb ; at least, secure
From Penury her humble State, by thee
Else humbled more, and to Necessity,
Stern Foe to Virtue, Fame, and Life betray'd,
A helpless Prey.—Oh ! let no Parent's Woe, 305
No Complaints of trusting Innocence, nor Tears
Of pining Beauty, blast thy guilty Joys.
Shall she, so late the Softner of thy Life,
Thy chief Delight, whose melting Essence oft
Lay with thy melting Essence kindly mix'd 310
(As far as Bodies and embodied Souls
Can mingle ;) she, who deem'd thy Vows sincere,
Thy Passion more than selfish, and thy Love
To her devoted, as was her's to thee ;
Shall she (Oh ! cruel Perfidy !) at last 315
When with her tainted Name the Winds grow sick ;
When

When envious Prudery chides, affecting Scorn
 Of natural Joys, and they of *public Fame*,
 Insulting, hail her Sister! while each Friend
 Disgusted flies? shall she not find in thee 320
 Unshaken Amity? When to thy Arms,
 Well-known, with wonted Confidence she flies,
 To pour her Sorrows forth, and soothe her Cares,
 Shall she then find thy faithless Heart from Home,
 From her estrang'd? At that disast'rous Hour, 325
 Wilt thou ungently spurn her from thy Love?
 To waste in sickly Grief her once-priz'd Charms,
 Forlorn to languish out her Life, to lead
 Despis'd, unwedded, her dishonour'd Days?
 Or, if her barren Fortune, hard like thee, 330
 Scowls meagre *Want* (whose Iron Empire *Pride*,
 Reluctant, and her Off-spring *Modesty*,
 Blushing at last obey,) unskill'd in Arts
 Of mercenary *Venus*, to increase
 The rompish Band, that, without Pleasure lewd, 335
 With deep-felt Sorrow gay, thro' *Trivia's* Reign
 Nightly solicit Lovers; oft repuls'd,
 Oft, when invited to the barren Toil,

Thankless

Thankless deserted by their slippery Loves.
 Or to the Salt of Years, where tedious Lust 340
 Uncooth and monstrous creeps thro' freezing Loins,
 Patient submitted; to the boist'rous Will
 Of Midnight Ruffians, to abhorr'd Disease,
 Hourly expos'd, and *Draco's* fiercer Rage.
 Spare, mighty *Draco!* spare a hapless Race, 345
 By thy own Sex to Wretchedness betray'd!—
 A Woman bore thee; by each tender Name
 Of Woman, spare!—Hast thou or Daughter fair,
 Or Sister? They, but for a happier Birth,
 The Gift of Fate, and Honour's Guardian, Pride
 Early inspir'd, had swell'd the common Stream: 351
 While she whom now thy awful Name dismays,
 Portentous heard from far, with Fortune's Smiles
 And fair Example, might have grac'd thy Bed,
 A virtuous Mate, in ev'ry Charm compleat. 355

A pious Duty next, neglected oft,
 Demands my Song. If from thy secret Bed
 Of Luxury unbidden Off-spring rise,
 Let them be kindly welcom'd to the Day.

'Tis Nature bids. To Nature's sacred Voice 360
 Attend ; and from the Monster-breeding Deep,
 The ravag'd Air, and howling Wilderness,
 Learn Parent Virtues. Shall the growling Bear
 Be more a Sir e than thou? An Infant once,
 Helpless and weak, but for Paternal Care, 365
 Thou had'st not liv'd to propagate a Race
 To Misery ; to resign to Step-dame Fate
 Perhaps a worthier Off-spring than thy Sire
 Tenderly rear'd. For from the stol'n Embrace,
 Untir'd with worn Acquaintance, keenly urg'd, 370
 Elate with gen'rous Rapture, likeliest springs
 The noblest Breed, most animated, best.
 What Heroes hence have issued ! what fam'd Chiefs
 And Demi-Gods, of old ! The Stealth of Love
 Gave *Greece* her *Hercules*, and mighty *Rome* 375
 First rose beneath a random Son of *Mars*.
 Thy Vigour too, the Blossom of thy Strength,
 Reckless and wild profus'd, in dangerous Days,
 Or in the Senate wise, and nobly warm
 To Public Good, may save the rushing State ; 380
 Or, bold in Arms, may roll her Thunders forth
 To

To shatter distant Skies, and, ro's'd to Blood,
 Lead on the *British Lion* to the Field.
 Thy Country claims thy Care; nurse well her Hopes,
 And thine; nor thou her Church's hungry Wolves,
 Hight *Overseers*, with thy own Children's Gore 186
 Sate, if Rapine know Satiety.

For, bred to Death, and of sagacious Nose,
 A prowling Herd, lur'd with the recent Smell
 Of secret Birth, their Carriage sweet, or led 390
 By Infant Wailings, querulous, and shrill,
 Beset thy frighted Gates. These timely thou
 Prevent, or mourn too late thy ravish'd Gold
 And captive Son; to the Street-dunning Tribe
 Of Mendicants let out, fictitious Badge 395
 Of low Distress: there, to what Life of Pain
 Led up, who knows? to what disgraceful Fate,
 What Gibbet, bred? Or, from his Parents' Arms,
 With nurse unpitying, unbenign, exil'd
 To squalid Lodge, to find in *Famine's* Cave 400
 A ling'ring Death; or, by a deadlier Hag
 Than her that rides the lab'ring Night, oppress'd,
 Untimely sink beneath a heavier Fate.

While

While they, the Sons of licens'd Rapine, screen'd
Under the Altar of the God of Life 405

With Murder stain'd, on what should raise thy Son,
Nightly regale, carnivorous ; for them
The Heifer bleeds, or for her slaughter'd Young
Roams wild the woodland Bounds : and what should
now

To thy young Hopes in white nectareous Rills 410
Descend, to them in deep *Oporto* flows,
Or hot *Madeira*. Thus the sanguine Feast
They crown, nor dread the Cry of Infant Blood.

THESE Precepts wisely keep, by these direct
Thy Steps thro' Pleasure's Labyrinth. Unhurt 415
And unoffending, thus thy tutor'd Feet
May tread the Wilds of else-delusive Joy.
So shall no Sorrows wound, no ruder Cares
Disturb thy Pleasures, no remorseful Tears
Attend thy gay Delight : nor Sighs make way, 420
But such as heave the Pleasure-burden'd Breast ;
As utter Love, with speechless Eloquence
Well understood ; and breath from Soul to Soul

The

The soft Infection, fondly still received.—

Almighty *Love!* Oh! inexhausted Source 425

Of universal Joy! first Principle

Of all-creating *Nature!* Harmony,

By which her mighty Movements all are rul'd!

Soft Tyrant of each Element; whose Sway

Resistless thro' the Wilds of Air is felt, 430

Thro' Earth, and the deep Empire of the Main!

Thy willing Slaves, we own thy gentle Power,

In us supreme, with kind Endearments rais'd,

Above the merely-sensual Touch of Brutes.

By thy soft Charm, the savage Breast is tam'd, 435

The Genius rais'd. Thy heavenly Warmth inspires

Whate'er is noble, generous, or humane,

Or elegant; whate'er adorns the Mind,

Graces or sweetens Life: and without thee

Nothing or gay or amiable appears. 440

YET not to Love (thus polishing the Soul,
Thus charming; tho' of every finer Breast
The sovereign Joy,) yet not to Love alone

D

Yield

Yield languid all your Hours. The self-same Cates
 Still offer'd soon the Appetite offend ; 445
 The most delicious soonest. Other Joys,
 Other Pursuits, their equal Share demand
 Of Cultivation. These with kindly Change
 Will cheer your sweetly-varied Days ; from these
 With quicker Sense you shall and firmer Nerves 450
 Return to Love, when Love again invites.
 Be those the least neglected, which adorn
 With Virtue, Sense, and Elegance, the Mind :
 Those what before was amiable improve,
 And lend to Love new Grace and Dignity. 455
 Life too has serious Cares, which madly scorn'd,
 The Means of Pleasure melt.—And Age will come,
 When Love, alas ! the Flower of human Joys,
 Must shrink in horrid Frost. Oh ! hapless he !
 Thrice hapless then ! whose only Joy was That : 460
 Whose cruel restless Furies teize him now
 To vain Attempts. Him the inclement Power
 Of craving *Impotence*, to fonder Toys
 Than other Dotage knows, or easy-dup'd

Credulity

Credulity can well believe, incites. 465

Him all the Nymphs despise, and the young Loves

With leering Scorn behold; while vigorous Heat

Has fled his shaken Limbs, surviving still

In his green Fancy. Thence what desperate Toil,

By Flagellation and the Rage of Blows, 470

To rouse the *Venus* loitering in his Veins!

Fruitless, for *Venus* unsolicited

The kindest smiles, abhorring painful Rites.

Cease, reverend Fathers! from those youthful Sports

Retire, before unfinish'd Feats betray 475

Your slacken'd Nerves. The hoary Years design'd

For Wisdom, for sedate Philosophy

And Contemplation, ill agree with Love.

Chearful retire: nor grudge in peevish Saws,

Like envious Monitors, the sprightly Joys 480

Of lusty Youth. You had your genial Time

Of Pleasure!—Ours is on the rapid Wing!

And you, whose youthful Bood impetuous rolls,

With generous Spirits fraught and kindly Balm,

Husband

Husband your Vigour well; if aught or Health, 485
 Or Off-spring numerous, beautiful, and strong,
 Or Pleasure weigh. For from the trite Embrace
 Follow faint Relaxation, Strength impair'd,
 Digust, and mutual Apathy, Love's Bane.
 Some boast, I know, their Vigour to renew 390
 And keen Desire, by Food restorative
 Or Pharmacy more noxious. *Orchis* hence,
 Lascivious Bulb, *Satyrion* better nam'd;
 And that maritime, which the sea-born Queen
 Feeds with her native Sponge, *Eryngo* mild; 495
Boletus, fam'd among the fungous Tribe;
 And fell *Cantharides*; in various Forms
 Are tried. But what ensues? Diseases more
 Than ever burden'd *Auster's* dropping Wings.
 Cold *Tremors*, *Spasms*, and *Cephalæa's* dire; 500
 Eternal Waste of Nature's balmy Dew;
Tabes, and gaunt *Marasmus*; hideous Loss
 Of godlike Reason; and th' imprison'd Rage
 Of fierce *Lipyrria*, whose collected Fires
 The Vitals only seize. Or if the Sons 505

Of

Of jaded Luxury those Plagues escape,
 They waste their melting Youth, and bring grey Hairs
 Before their Time ; grey Hairs and idle Years.
 Leave Nature to herself, nor covet more
 Than Nature gives, that but to real Wants 510
 Each well-conducted Appetite provokes.

But chiefly thee, fair Nymph, it boots to know,
 That Love and Joy when in their Prime most fear
 Decay, the Fate of all created Things.
 Be frugal then ; the coyly-yielded Kiss 515
 Charms most, and gives the most sincere Delight.
 Cheapness offends ; hence on bought *Phryne's* Lip
 No Rapture hangs, however fair she seem,
 However form'd for *Love and amorous Play*.——
 Hail ! *Modesty* ! fair female Honour hail ! 520
 Beauty's chief Ornament, without whose Charm
 Beauty disgusts ; or gives but vulgar Joys.
 Celestial *Maid* ! be it lawful that with Lips
 Profane I name thee ; and in wanton Song.
 But in these vicious Days great *Nature's* Laws 525
 Are

Are spurn'd ; eternal *Virtue*, which nor Time
 Nor Place can change, nor Custom changing all,
 Is mock'd to Scorn ; and *lewd Abuse* instead,
 Daughter of Night, her shameless Revels holds
 O'er half the Globe, while the chaste Face of Day
 Eclipses at her Rites. For Man with Man, 531
 And Man with Woman (monstrous to relate!)
 Leaving the natural Road, themselves debase
 With Deeds unseemly, and Dishonour foul.
Britons, for Shame ! be Male and Female still.
 Banish this foreign Vice ; it grows not here ; 536
 It dies, neglected ; and in Clime so chaste
 Cannot but by forc'd Cultivation thrive :
 So cultivated, swells the more our Shame,
 The more our Guilt. And shall not greater Guilt
 Meet greater Punishment and heavier Doom ? 541
 Not lighter for Delay. Did Justice spare
 The Men of *Sodom* erst ? Like us they sinn'd,
 Like us they sought the Paths of monstrous Joy ;
 'Till, urg'd to Wrath at last, all-patient Heaven
 Descending wrapt them in sulphureous Storm. 546

And

And where proud Palaces appear'd, the Haunts
Of Luxury, now sleeps a sullen Pool:
Vengeful Memorial of Almighty Ire,
Against the Sons of Lewdness exercis'd.

550

THE END.

THE ECONOMY OF THE

And where there is a great deal of money

It is not a great deal of money



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It is not a great deal of money

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